

Old Beginnings by moondropss

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Summary:

Richie and Eddie's love story throughout 27 years.

Old Beginnings

Author's Note:

HIHI omg i really hope this is good i've been working on this since I think a little after chapter two came out! I saw the post on twitter and I really wanted to write it and I finally did!!

This fic is based on @/punkenigma 's (on tumblr!) post: "Okay so I hear all of y'all with your "Richie takes Eddie back to the kissing bridge after the sewers and they recarve the R + E together" and I love it, I truly do, but may I raise you:

Richie takes Eddie back to the kissing bridge after the sewers and shows Eddie the carving to which Eddie freaks out and shows Richie, a little further down the bridge, a smaller and more unsure carving that says 'E + R' and the two of them, realizing just how disastrous they both are, just laugh and laugh before embracing. And maybe they carve a new one, together."

I really hope I did it justice! Also I can barely write the adult losers so I hope that turned out okay!! let's begin

Their story begins a little like this. ➤

It's 1989. Richie Tozier was in love with his best friend. The boy with slight curls at his temple, warm brown eyes that shone like honey in the light, that flashed whenever Richie had said something dumb. What was there not to like about him? Eddie was *the* cutest boy on the planet.

Besides Richie himself, of course.

He knew, though, that there was no chance that Eddie could love him back. It hurt. It hurt like the secret he carried in his chest. He knew it was different. He knew it couldn't be.

So, Richie tries. He knows, deep inside, that it's pointless. It's impossible, an aching whisper, this secret he carries — there was no version of Richie that could not love Eddie. But he tries. to get over his feelings. When the losers club got in a fight after Neibolt, Eddie was put under house arrest by his mother and Richie couldn't see him unless he snuck out.

Instead of sneaking out to see him, Richie went to the arcade instead. He tried to focus on something, or someone other than Eddie. Playing street fighter with Henry Bowers' cousin. It was nice to focus on something, or *someone* , rather. Other than the boy he couldn't get out of his head.

"You're fucking good," the boy smiles at him after they were done playing .

Richie kicked his ass.

Richie smiles back, his heartbeat getting a little faster, something that only happens when Eddie is around.

"Well, I gotta go."

Richie frowned, he didn't want this to end just yet.

"Um, wait!" The boy turns around, curious.

Richie leans down to the machine and picks a token that was lined up.

"Do you wanna go again?" The boy was staring at him now, furrowing his eyebrows a bit, debating.

"Only if you want to," He shrugs.

The boy looks back when he heard the theatre doors open. Henry Bowers came out of it.

"Leave me alone! I'm not your fucking boyfriend!"

"The fucks going on here?" He looks around, his hair — is that a fucking *mullet* ? — drifting over his shoulders. "Richie fucking Tozier? Are you trying to bone my little cousin?"

Richie steps back a little. Well, shit. Not expecting that. He wants to leave now.

Desperately.

He stays in his place for a little longer, before Henry opens his mouth, prepared to spit venom, injected into Richie's heart like acid.

Richie's head was spinning. His intestines felt like they were twisting and he could barely hear anything over the static in his ears.

Fuck, fuck fuck. He really wants to leave. He really *has* to leave. He has to get out of here.

So he did. After finally shaking his head from the staticy feeling, he ran out of the arcade. Not wanting to stay there a minute longer.

Richie ran to the park with the Paul Bunyan statue, rubbing his eyes, trying to will himself not to cry.

He had just wanted to have fun, the arcade was *his* spot, but of course Henry had to ruin it.

After a few minutes, Richie was back to thinking about Eddie.

Richie wishes he was here with him. He couldn't keep avoiding Eddie. It hurt him too much.

Richie Tozier *loves* Eddie Kaspbrak.

He pulls off his glasses and buries his face in his hands, tears slipping down his cheeks.

Why couldn't he just be *normal* ? It's not normal to have a crush on your best friend. Your best friend who is a *boy*.

He hears something moving, and he looked up, squinting, noticing the Paul Bunyan statue wasn't there anymore.

What the fuck?

He looks to his right, and there was the face of Paul Bunyan glaring at him with razor sharp teeth.

He ran, of course.

It's not real. It's not fucking real!

The statue chases after him, trying to stab him.

Richie collapses in the grass, glasses falling off his face, he quickly shut his eyes.

“It’s not real. It’s not real. It’s not real.”

When he didn’t hear anything else, or didn’t feel a stabbing pain, he opens his eyes and put his glasses back on.

The Paul Bunyan statue was back on the pedestal, and Richie sighs in relief.

“I think I just shit my pants,” he says to himself, before resting his head on the grass.

He was definitely not going to leave the house for a few days. As he was still steadying his breathing, laying in the grass, he hears his name being called.

“Richie!”

“Richie? Are you okay?”

Richie knew that voice anywhere.

He sat up, his eyes resting on Eddie’s face, the boy was slowly approaching him. Eddie looks happy to see him.

As usual, whenever he saw Eddie, his heartbeat picks up, his palms go sweaty, and his mouth begins to move on it's own.

“Eds! Long time no see buddy. Sorry I haven't visited you. Too busy fucking your mom. How's your arm?”

Eddie just rolls his eyes, but he still had a smile on his face. He took a seat next to Richie in the grass.

“It's fine. Just hurts a little, really too creepy to fucking think about how I broke it. What are you doing out here?”

“Enjoying a nice day at the park, how'd you get out of the house?” Richie replies simply. Not wanting to tell Eddie about his encounter with It, or what happened at the arcade.

“Told my mom I was going to the pharmacy, gave me about an hour and a half to get back before she calls the police,” Eddie rolls his eyes again.

“Ah. Sonia. You're welcome, she wouldn't have been so nice without my sweet sweet love I gave her last night,” Eddie ignores him.

“Why were you laying in the grass?”

“Cloud watching!” Richie could tell Eddie didn't believe him.

“Richie, be honest please.”

“Okay,” Richie took a breath, and Eddie waited, twiddling with some of the grass in his free hand.

Eddie was silent, not wanting to push Richie to talk. Richie thought over his words and how to tell Eddie, as he did, he studies him. Eddie sat criss-crossed, his fingers still playing with the blades of grass. The wind blew his hair a little, and there was a little tension across his shoulders, but he overall looked relaxed and happy to be here with Richie. Eddie stared back at him.

Eddie was beautiful.

“I had an encounter with It,” Richie states.

Eddie’s face went from a mixture of terror to worry.

“Oh my god, Richie are you okay? It didn’t hurt you did It? I’ll fucking kill it if it did,” Eddie moves closer to Richie, checking his body for scrapes, bruises and blood. Richie couldn’t help blushing.

“I’m okay.”

“When did this happen?”

“Like 5 minutes before you found me.”

“Fuck. So is that why you were laying in the grass?”

“Yeah, the Paul Bunyan statue attacked me.”

“What were you doing before? Before you came to the park?”

Richie swallows the lump in his throat.

“Um. I was at the arcade.”

“Oh, why did you leave? I know you love street fighter, if you want we can go back? Maybe it’ll help you take your mind off the It encounter for a little.”

“No!”

Eddie frowns, looking at Richie, seeing the sadness and fear on his face.

“Rich, hey, what happened? Did something bad happen at the arcade?”

“Nothing, i’d just rather not talk about it. I’m sorry Eds, I need to go home,” Richie stands up, offering his hand to Eddie. Eddie takes it, pulling himself up.

“I can walk you, if you want. Your house isn’t that far. I’ll just go to the pharmacy after.”

Richie wants to say no. But at the same time, he doesn’t want to be alone, and this was *Eddie*. Richie can’t say no to Eddie.

“Okay.”

The two walk to Richie’s house. Eddie telling Richie a story on the way, and as much as Richie loves Eddie’s stories he can’t focus on it.

Soon, the two were in front of Richie’s house.

“Here’s my stop. Thanks for walking me, Eds. I’ll see you soon, be safe, please.” Richie was about to go in, but he was stopped.

“Richie, i’m worried, what happened at the arcade?”

Richie hesitates.

“Come inside.”

Richie opens up the door, and Eddie walks in behind Richie.

“My room, lets go.”

They silently walk up the stairs, making their way down the hall to Richie’s room, and sitting on his bed facing each other.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to, I won’t push you,” Eddie reaches over with his free hand and places his hand on top of Richies, then Eddie intertwines their fingers.

It was a thing that Richie least expects Eddie to do. It makes Richie’s heart speed up and makes his head spin. He can barely focus on anything but Eddie’s hand between his. He can feel his hands start to sweat and he panics a little, but Eddie doesn’t pull away.

This is becoming a problem.

“I was at the arcade, and I was playing street fighter with Henry Bowers’ cousin,” Richie can already see the face Eddie was making.

“Richie that’s a horrible idea.”

“He was actually really cool. But,” Richie takes a deep breath.

“But?”

“When Henry came out of the theatre, he saw us together, and um, his cousin said ‘Leave me alone, i’m not your fucking boyfriend!’, Henry overheard, called me slurs and told me to leave,” when Richie finishes telling his story, he looks down, and quickly pulls his hand away from Eddie’s no matter how much he wants to keep holding it.

Eddie was silent.

He’s gonna judge me. He’s never gonna want to be friends again.

Instead, Eddie hugs Richie.

Richie wasn’t expecting it, so the sudden impact of Eddie’s warmth surprised him. Richie thinks he’ll melt like this. In Eddie’s arms. He feels his face grow a little hotter and he feels a little breathless.

Richie takes a moment to return the hug, burying his face into Eddie’s shoulder. His warmth overtaking him.

“Rich, I’m sorry. God, I fucking hate Henry Bowers. I’m sorry you went through that today. I wish I was there to help.”

“It’s okay Eds.”

Eddie shakes his head.

“It’s not at all. I’m so sorry.”

The two stay hugging for a little before Eddie pulls away first. Richie was a little disappointed.

“I wanna stay...” Eddie frowned. The pull of his lips downward made Richie want to poke his dimples until he forced them up.

“But I have to go, it’ll take a few minutes to go to the pharmacy then walk home. But, I don’t want to leave you alone right now ...”

“No it’s okay Eds. I don’t want you to get in trouble, you should go,” Richie tried to keep his face in a neutral expression, he didn’t want Eddie to go either.

Richie walks Eddie to the door, they say goodbye and Richie was alone again.

The days dwindled by, passing slowly like molasses onto a spoon. Richie was bored. Richie was so fucking bored.

So, after a week of boredom, Richie decides to go back outside again.

He hasn't seen Eddie at all. He knew he was still on house arrest and Richie didn't want to bother him. He could sneak out, but he didn't know if Eddie wants to see him or not.

After the day with Eddie, Richie has been thinking about him nonstop. Eddie consumes all of his thoughts, and distracts him from most things.

He had an idea earlier in the week, but was still too scared to leave so he promised himself when he got his confidence back he would do it.

He tells his mom he's going to the arcade, and he was. But he needs to make one little pit stop first. Instead of taking his usual route to the arcade, he takes a detour, making his way to the kissing bridge, instead. Knowing exactly what he was going to carve, the idea that has been in his head since earlier in the week.

He stops a little at the beginning of the bridge. He takes out a pocket knife, makes sure no one is around, and carves.

Richie feels an adrenaline rush as he carves, nervous someone could catch him at any moment. He could feel the weight of the knife pushing against his fingers as he carved and carved.

After a few minutes, he leans back, wipes his forehead, and admires

his work.

$R + E$.

A promise of something, of *someone*, that he could never have.

Richie runs his fingers over it. His fingers burned a little.

He feels like his whole body was on fire. There was only one thought on his mind and that was *Eddie*.

He sighs, picks up his bike, and rides to the arcade.

Eddie was always unsure of who he was attracted to. He was never really interested in girls growing up like all the other boys were. Eddie didn't get why everyone was so obsessed with girls, or boys, or anyone, really. He didn't understand, didn't feel the same things.

Didn't, that is, unless he was with his best friend.

No one could make him laugh like Richie, no one could make him *feel* the way Richie did, no one bantered with him the way Richie did, and he loved all their stupid arguments. No matter how annoying Richie could be, even when Richie is making his stupid mom jokes,

Eddie always liked him. Eddie liked him regardless.

Eddie *liked* him, in a romantic way.

Boys weren't supposed to like other *boys*. That's what his mom always told him.

But, Eddie did. Eddie liked another boy.

When Sonia Kaspbrak put him under house arrest after breaking his arm, Eddie felt alone.

He had lost his only friends in the world all because of his mom.

He was only allowed out to get his medicine, and on that one day when he was heading to the pharmacy, he saw a very familiar trashmouth laying on the ground.

Eddie feels a spark of joy rise in him. His stomach started churning with butterflies, a smile makes its way onto his face.

He hasn't seen any of his friends in a week or two. And *Richie*, of all people! Where the hell is he? Richie had a habit of sneaking into Eddie's room at night and staying till the sunrise. But lately, he hasn't done that. Eddie hasn't seen him at all.

“Richie!” He calls out and makes his way over to him.

But then he realizes there might be a reason for him laying in the grass and he might be hurt.

“Richie? Are you okay?”

Richie lifted his head up, his curls anointed with grass.

“Eds?” He asked, sleepy.

A warm smile graced Eddie’s lips unbidden.

“I’m fine, why?”

The two talk, Eddie feeling happiness rise in his chest from talking to his best friend and crush after such a long time.

Eddie was always happy whenever he was around Richie.

After Richie tells him about his encounter with it, and later at Richie’s house when he tells him about the arcade, Eddie feels his blood boil.

On his way out of Richie's house he makes a promise to himself. To protect Richie forever as well as he could, he deserved nothing bad to come to him. Richie was such a good person.

His heart fluttered as he thought about Richie as he made his way to the pharmacy.

Whenever Eddie thought about Richie he always felt warm. He wanted to prove his feelings in some way. Not to Richie, to himself, really. Just to get it out there, somehow. *Especially* not by telling anyone.

On his way home, the perfect idea on how to do *just* that.

The kissing bridge! It's perfect!

He smiles to himself and rushes home. Not even his mom could ruin his good mood.

So that night, after his mom was passed out, he snuck out. It wasn't the first time Eddie has snuck out. He has snuck out before, but not many times. He could probably count the amount of times he snuck out on one hand. It's usually because the boy who he sneaks out to see usually comes to him. Eddie always felt a thrill whenever he snuck out. Having to be as quiet as he can, his heart racing and his palms sweating, risking being caught at any moment. Grabbing his bike, and pedaling hard. The night air was cool on Eddie's face as he rode, it was a cloudy night with a full moon.

Eddie made his way to the end of the kissing bridge. Running his fingers over all the other names that were carved.

Eddie felt the weight of the pocket knife, so he brought it out, looking around a little unsurely, wondering if he should even do this.

He does it anyway.

As Eddie carves, his hands shake. They shake so much that his E is a little uneven. Same goes for the next letter.

After he's done carving, he steps back, wipes his forehead and looks at his work.

E + R.

A little smaller, more uneven and unsure than all the other names carved, but Eddie feels proud of himself. Proud of himself that he could even admit he had a crush on his best friend.

On his way back, he spots a spot further towards the beginning that read *R + E* .

It's not you, it's someone else, Eddie. Way to be selfish.

Eddie frowned, and kept his head down as he pedaled back to his house.

27 Years Later

Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak had forgotten each other over the years.

Forgotten feelings, forgotten memories, that had all came flooding back after Mike's call.

When Richie sees Eddie again, it felt like time had stopped.

Richie could barely hear anything over the heartbeat in his ears and he could barely see anything because of the tears springing to his eyes. Richie feels like he has forgotten how to breathe, his breath had gotten caught up in his throat. It was like how Richie always felt whenever he was around Eddie. They stare at each other for a few seconds, but it felt like hours before they are running toward each other and they hug each other till they can't breathe, like their lives depended on it. (Maybe in this situation it did.) Wondering how they could ever forget the strong feelings they had.

They had never admitted that they loved each other, but all the other losers could tell.

Richie had covered up his feelings in mom jokes and his trashmouth.

Eddie was always more reserved than Richie and had just kept quiet. He was always more nervous about his sexuality. But Eddie is gay. Eddie is so gay.

They do what they came back to do, they fight the fucking demon clown that they fought 27 years before.

Eddie was majorly hurt but he lived. He fucking *lived*. Richie thought he almost lost him again.

A few days after they officially killed IT. Richie visited Eddie in the hospital.

“Hey Eddie? You good?”

“Yeah Rich, I think I'm gonna be out of here in a few days.”

“Thank god, I thought I almost lost you Eds.”

“You didn’t,” Eddie smiles.

Richie reaches out and takes Eddie’s hand in his.

“I have something to show you, when you’re out. If that’s okay.”

“Of course.”

A few days had passed, and Eddie was officially released from the hospital, and Richie could finally show him what he wanted to.

On the drive to the kissing bridge, Eddie and Richie held hands over the console of Richie’s car.

“So. We’re here,” Richie says, his hands already shaking.

“The kissing bridge?” Eddie asks.

“Yeah, let’s go,” Richie lets go of Eddie’s hands and got out of the car, shutting the door.

“What do you have to show me?”

Richie leads Eddie over towards the beginning of the bridge.

R + E.

Richie takes a breath.

“I — Uh, I carved this. When I was thirteen.”

“Richie plus Eddie?”

Richie nods, not trusting his voice.

Eddie had a panicked look on his face.

“Hey, Eds, what’s wrong?”

Eddie stands up, grabbing Richie’s hand and leading him towards the end.

“What are you doing?”

Eddie finally leads them to a stop, breathing uneven, and points.

There, smaller than most of the drawings, and a little more uneven was the letters

E + R.

“What — Eds?”

“I - I also carved this when I was thirteen. When we had the big fight before almost killing Pennywise when we were kids,” Eddie almost whispered. His voice was so low Richie almost didn’t hear him. His voice cracked a bit at the end and Eddie shivered after saying It’s name.

“I carved mine then too.”

“I had to sneak out, you know. My mom.”

“I remember, wow. We’re both disasters huh?”

“Truly.”

Eddie started laughing, and Richie joins in.

After Eddie stopped laughing, he hugs Richie.

Richie, of course, hugs back, melting into his arms a little too instantly. That warmth of Eddie instantly taking over him. Richie has always felt safe and warm in Eddie’s arms. Ever since they were kids.

“I have an idea,” Eddie whispers, pulling away from the hug, but not completely.

“What is it, spaghetti man?”

“Let’s carve a new one, together.”

Richie smiles and nods.

“Sounds like a plan.”

Richie goes into his car and grabs his pocket knife, going over to Eddie.

Richie carves first, right into the middle of the bridge. As he carved wood shavings fell from beneath the knife. It was a little easier to carve than when they were kids, since the wood on the bridge was older now.

$R +$

He hands Eddie the knife, and Eddie carves the rest.

$R + E.$

Richie adds a heart around the letters for good measure.

They weren't scared anymore.

"We're such disasters, come here," Richie motions for Eddie to come over to him.

"We really are."

"The feelings still there, Eddie?"

"I don't know, you tell me?"

"Wh — "

Richie is cut off by Eddie's lips pressing against his. It takes a minute for Richie's head to catch up. But once he tunes in to what's happening, he kisses back, arms going around Eddie's neck and leaning into him. Eddie's warmth surrounded Richie as they kiss, and Richie decides then and there that he never wanted to miss a moment like this ever again.

The kiss wasn't long, Eddie was the first to pull away. Richie was again, a little disappointed.

“I could’ve done that 27 years ago.”

“It’s okay, at least we eventually figured out our feelings.”

Eddie gives Richie a lopsided grin.

A couple days dwindle by, the losers saying goodbye to each other, promising to keep in touch this time.

Richie threw the last bag into the car and slams the trunk.

“That it, Eds?”

“I think so, I’ll go check the room again, just to be sure,” Eddie walks back into the townhouse, and Richie leans against the drivers side door twirling the keys around his finger waiting for Eddie to return.

After a minute or two, he hears the townhouse door open and some footsteps.

“Yeah we got everything Rich.”

“Cool,” Richie smiles, and opens the door, getting in the car. Eddie

does the same.

Richie starts the car and reaches over the middle to grab Eddie's hand and presses a kiss to it.

"Ready to get the fuck out of this shithole for good, Eds?"

"I have never been more ready for anything in my entire life."

Richie starts driving, and the first few minutes of the drive are silent. The two enjoying each others company, before Richie finally breaks that silence.

"Eds I think I want a dog."

Eddie cracks a grin.

"We'll talk once we get out of here."

As they get a little further, officially out of Derry. The sun starts to go down, mixing oranges and pinks together.

They go back to silence again, a comfortable silence. They hold hands over the console. Not wanting to miss another moment with each other again.

Richie will definitely not let that happen.

Author's Note:

that's it !! I hope you guys enjoyed! if u want to find me on twitter or interact with me there my @ is @/skataeds!